GYPSY CHIEF DEFENDS RACE

Says Popular Belief Crediting Them with Evil Lives Is a Survival of Old-Time Superstition.

TESTIMONY SUPPORTS HIS CLAIM

Massachusetts Lawyer Declares He Has Studied Habits of the Wandering People and Has Found Little to Warrant Condemnation---Have Never Been Kidnapers of Children.

Boston.—"Be good children, or the gypsies will get you."

For hundreds of years mothers and nurses have used this style of admonition with refractory children, for since the advent of the gypsies into England from the east in the sixteenth century, popular opinion has associated them with thievery and kidnaping and thriftless ways, with sorceries and incantations and things that loom terrible to the childish mind. Famous writers have pictured them as incorrigible rascals, the public who have seen only the nomadic features of their life have built up many superstitions around this ancient people, until to-day to be a gypsy is to be an outcast, a nameless wanderer upon the earth, feared and distrusted by all men save the few whose dealings with the gypsy folk have taught them better.

But have not Borrow and Groome and Charles Godfrey Leland and Sir Walter Scott fallen into the error of accepting prevalent beliefs without accurate personal knowledge of the people of whom they have written? And have not the gypsies' romantic charm, their curious lingo, their habit of wandering, their superstitions and lore and their supposed freedom from humdrum restraints and moral and legal conventions created in the public mind an altogether false impression of this curious people? Those who have come closest to them assert that such is the case.

Especially is the popular idea a fallacy when applied to the American gypsy, and it has remained for A. T. Sinclair, a Massachusetts lawyer, to come publicly to their defense. Mr. Sinclair is in a position to know what he talks about. He has spoken the language of the American gypsy for 25 years, he has given years of study to the habits of the oriental gypsy, and to the subject he has devoted his best observation. The result of his dealings with gypsies and his close association with them for a quarter of a century is the firm belief that they are a much libeled and greatly misunderstood people.

Talk Little of Themselves.

Many have wondered why the gypsy has never tried to defend himself, why no one of them has ever attempted to refute the general conception of his people. When an outsider approaches a gypsy to get information, the man who a moment before might

Type of Well Educated Gypsy.

have been loquacity itself, in the hope of making a horse trade, becomes suddenly secretive; he is as close as the proverbial oyster. Not once in a thousand times will a gypsy discuss with an outsider either his own affairs or those of his tribe, whatever the stranger's business claims may be upon his consideration.

But Tom Stanley, son of the chief of the Somerville gypsies, relented somewhat from this rule to explain certain misconceptions that have long existed in the minds of the public concerning the wandering folk.

"Of course it doesn't matter to us what people think, so long as we know ourselves honest and so long as we play fair in trade and in all our dealings with the . world," he said. "That is one reason why none of us has ever taken the trouble to contradict the many lies that are circulated about our manner of life and our methods of doing business. But many times I have been tempted to write something about our people, that other people may know them better, for nothing accurate has been written that I can find."

Valley Stanley is known from Boston to Worcester and throughout all the outlying country. He is the hereditary chief of his tribe, for, like kingship, leadership among the gypsies is usually hereditary. His people camp at Somerville during the summer months, though they move about to some extent as his business as a horse trader demands. At present he is living in Everett, while the people of his tribe are distributed throughout Everett and Lynn for the winter.

Gypsy Held in Respect.

"I would take Valley Stanley's word where I would not take another man's bond," said an Everett horses dealer of the chief of the Stanley tribe. "Why, I knew his father, Bill Stanley, chief of the tribe before him. There was never a straighter man in the horse-dealing business than Bill Stanley."

That is the idea formed of two gypsy chiefs by a man intimately associated with them in a business that offers great opportunities for sharp work.

"Perhaps you yourself have been frightened when a child by somebody telling you to 'watch out or the gypsies will get you'" said the chief's son. "That is because people have the idea that gypsies go in for kidnaping children. They have usually carried this idea in their minds since they themselves were children, when they received it from their parents in precisely the same way. That is absolutely a wrong idea of us. Why should we kidnap? We have children enough of our own, quite as many as we can take care of.

"Then they accuse us of being addicted to stealing. That is a lie. We know the value of a good reputation in our business, and if we had no higher standard of honor than that it would be sufficient to keep us honest. I think that if you will inquire among the people with whom we have done business you will find we bear an excellent name for honesty. This misconception of thievish tendencies is inherited, and it has been fostered by the depredations of many wanderers who are not gypsies at all, but have taken to a nomadic existence for sheer love of idleness and freedom from responsibility. I know of Frenchmen, of Irishmen and of Germans who travel about the country posing as gypsies, when they have not a drop of gypsy blood in their veins and none of the gypsy code of living.

"Some of us are fairly well educated. Much of that education has been obtained by contact with the world, but the world is a good university, and one doesn't forget the lessons one learns there. When a gypsy leaves the life of his forefathers and applies himself to the usual pursuits of civilization, he generally succeeds, which proves that the gypsy is a man of intelligence. I have a cousin who is mayor of a large town and another who is head of a considerable shoe manufactory.

Personal Characteristics.

"Look at me. Do I look like an Egyptian? Am I dark, or swarthy, or fierce of aspect?"

Tom Stanley is a well-set-up man above the average height, no darker than most dark men of Caucasian blood. He speaks English well, and away from the environments of his summer camp has as little of the air of the gypsy—the gypsy of fiction, that is—as a business man.

"Yet people picture me and my people in their imaginations as half-savage wanderers, akin to the Egyptians or the orientals. Look at this little girl of mine. Does she look like an Indian child?"

He thrust forward a bashful tot of about seven years, a flaxen-haired child with big blue eyes. She, too, was as far removed from the popular idea of the gypsy as Peary is now from the north pole.

"I am of American blood, but of English descent. My people lived in Worcester a few generations ago, and

One of Their Chief Sources of Income.

my great-great-grandfather was a Bristol man. The Stanley family is a good one in England.

"Yet we are gypsies, descended from a long line of gypsies. We speak the Roman tongue, which is a language in general use among gypsies the world over, though it varies greatly according to the country in which a tribe lives.

"The next time anyone tells you that we have no religion, do not believe it. We have our religion precisely as you or any other man who is not a gypsy has his. Many of our people are Baptists; some belong to other Christian denominations. When a gypsy does become enthusiastic over his religion he makes not infrequently what you call a great revivalist. That is his temperament.

"This temperament shows again in the music of the gypsies. Although this music is entirely by ear, many great composers have conceded that it is effective and accurate, even though wild in character The gypsies in Hungary and Russia and Poland are noted as musicians."

Mr. Sinclair's Testimony.

What the son of the chief of the Somerville gypsies says about the gypsy folk is borne out by Mr. Sinclair. He does, in fact, destroy many a cherished illusion.

"A good many of them are members of the Baptist church, and speak at the prayer meetings with all the fervor of the other members. Oftentimes I have heard them exhort visitors to their camps about the blessings and necessity of a Christian life," he says.

And he adds that they are not given to thieving more than any other "poor, ignorant people and the community where they are found." Mr. Sinclair's conclusions with respect to the American gypsy are identical with a report sent him by the governor general of Russian Central Asia on the gypsy folk of his country, who have the reputation of being thieves and cheats, but, "according to the reports of our administrative officials, they behave themselves well."

As to their alleged propensity to steal childhen, an idea fostered by superstition and the melodrama, Mr. Sinclair says that is all a myth.

"All the gypsies in the vicinity of Boston know me as 'Lawyer Sinclair,' and for many years I have been consulted by them when in trouble.

A Gypsy, but Doesn't Look It.

There have been a good many cases when children were lost and the gypsies were suspected of kidnaping them. Often their camps have been searched and they have been subjected to much annoyance and trouble. In no case, however, has it been found to be true that they had taken any children.

Origin Hard to Trace.

Of their own origin the gypsies can give no exact account, many of them following the popular belief that they came originally from Egypt. The Saracens, the Jews, the Canaanites, the lost tribes of Israel, or the mixed multitudes that followed Moses out of Egypt—efforts have been made to trace their origin to each of these sources The most commonly accepted theory is that they are of Indian origin, and their language, Romani, shows many resemblances to the Hindu.

Leaving thier early home in northwestern India about the year 900, the gypsy folk, driven by the irruptions of the hordes of Genghis Khan, started on their long march of centuries. Taking the direction of Kabulistan and Persia, they penetrated into Egypt and northern Africa and migrated west through Asia Minor into Turkey.

Their earliest abiding place on the continent of Europe was Greece. As early as 1398 a gypsy chieftain named John was established with a large following under Venetian rule. They are recorded in Switzerland in 1418, in Denmark in 1420 in Italy in 1422, in France and Spain in 1442, in Poland and Russia about 1500, and in England not long after. It was the depredations and the frequent atrocities practiced by these large invading hordes that gained for the gypsies their bad name, a name that has stuck to them ever since.

The Last Migration.

Their last migration was to America and Australia, nearly three centuries later. These bands were mostly English gypsies, although many bands from the continent of Europe are to be found in the United States. But whatever nationality a tribe belonged to, it retained the Romani language, the language common to all gypsies. This is not a simple jargon or cant. It is a true and complete language, especially in the farther east, where the gypsies have remained compact, and it possesses a considerable vocabulary and a highly developed system of inflections. This language has naturally been influenced to a considerable extent by the country of adoption, the broken dialect of the English gypsies, which is the language of the majority of the American tribes, being a strange mixture of English and Romani.

How many gypsies are there in the world? It would be impossible to take a census of these roving people. When they first made their appearance in Asia and in Europe they were often many thousands strong, under chieftains who styled themselves counts, or "kings of Little Egypt," the gypsies encouraging the belief that they were Egyptians suffering banishment, in order to secure tolerance and assistance from the people whom they encountered in their migrations. The gypsies must number well into the millions, for in Roumania alone and in various parts of the Balkan regions, Hungary and Russia, there are over 500,000.

GOOD AND BAD POINTS OF THE AFGHAN RACE

Subjects of the Ameer Are Treacherous and Vindictive, But Fearless and Hospitable to a Fault—Passion for Intrigues and Feuds—Women Handsome in Their Picturesque Dress—Ruler Is a Much Married Man and Said to Be an Affectionate Parent—Kabul Not an Imposing City.

As a race the Afghans are handsome and athletic, writes Angus Hamilton in the London Chronicle. Often of fair complexion, they have, for the most part, aquiline features. They grow beards, but shave the top of the head, leaving the hair at the sides to fall in large curls over the shoulders. Proud in bearing, peremptory in manner and quick to resent injury, the average Afghan is nothing if not cruel, treacherous, perjured and vindictive. His good points are that he is fearless, an industrious cultivator, hospitable to a fault and passionately fond of field sports. In a contrary direction, he has a passion for the vendetta, and his blood feuds are pursued with no uncertain energy.

Afghan women, who possess a Jewish cast of features, are handsome, with complexions of unusual pallor, but sometimes rosy. They are kept rigidly secluded, yet intrigues are said to be frequent; and a bullet or a dagger thrust more often than not does duty for the divorce court. Their costume is of a most picturesque description. Even to a plain and awkward woman it imparts some appearance of grace. A "piran," or chemise, extends from the throat to just above the ankles, with sleeves that reach to the waist. It is of cloth of gold, velvet, silk, cashmere or calico, and in shape not unlike our own Princess robe. Beneath this are "tom-bons," or pajamas. These may be of cloth of gold, silk, cashmere or calico, finished off at the ankles by a fringe of diamonds, gold or silver. A round cap, worked all over with gold thread so that it looks like gold cloth, is fitted closely to the back of the head.

The hair, parted in the center, is done up in tiny braids, which are caught in a black silk embroidered bag, worn underneath the gold cap, but hanging down the back to below the waist. Married women wear a fringe of hair, often curled, on either side of the face. Descending from the top of the head to the hem of the "piran," leaving the face uncovered, is the gracefully draped "chadar"—a large wrapping of finest muslin, filmy gauze, or delicately tinted chiffon.

Kabul first became the capital of the country which has played such a prominent part in Asiatic history when the illustrious Baber made himself master of it in 1504—15 years before his never to be forgotten invasion in Hindustan. The city stands on the right bank of the Kabul river and is about three miles in circumference. It was once enclosed within a wall, of which but few traces are now remaining, and had seven gates, but of these only the Lahor gate and the Sirdar gate are standing. The streets are tortuous, narrow and dirty, the houses are built of sun dried brick and wood, with flat roofs and small recessed entrances. The shops are insignificant.

The present Amir, Habib Ullah, was born in 1872 at Samarkand, in Russian Turkestan, while his father, Abdur Rahman, was a fugitive there from Shir Ali, and he is the fourth in direct succession from the founder of the dynasty, the Amir Dost Mahommed.

Habib Ullah is smaller in stature and much sallower than his father, to whom he bears a marked resemblance; he wears his clothes with clumsy dignity, and is evidently particular about their cut, finish and condition. He is already inclined to stoutness, but the heaviness of his features is concealed in part by a beard and mustache.

In conversation his face lights with an engaging smile, but he has great reserve of manner, and not unusually wears an air of abstraction or preoccupation. His knowledge of our language is meager and he understands English better than he speaks it.

The Amir is an affectionate parent, and at one time was a much married man. At the instigation of the priests, however, three of his wives were divorced, but even now he is the proud possessor of four, with a numerous array of concubines.

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Rapidly thought plowed through suspense in his brain, even as his feet pressed with eager haste the brush and bracken of the riverside. Owatoga had given no hint of his direction—was it up or down the stream?

Down, he would have had to row against the current, and past the village, with more show of detention. Nevertheless, Winslow thought it more likely that he had taken that course. Westward, was ever the Indian's watch-cry, and against the wave, Owatoga's giant strength would have less chance of being overtaken. The possibility of observation was small; it had been a Sabbath day, and in the heat of noon, when all would avoid the river.

All this Owatoga had doubtless considered, thought Winslow, as he tramped the water's edge up and down, peering into every clump and shade. His steps had led him well to the east, when, suddenly, half-way between the water and a ferny coppice, he spied something small and dark lying on the sand. Mechanically he went to examine it, and his heart beat like a forge as he recognized the black bag—the silk trifle she had worn at church the previous day. He stood still for a moment, overcome by the feelings of relief and tenderness roused in him by this inanimate thing—this bit of silk that had dangled from her waist.

He raised it from the damp, sandy bed as though it were sacred, fondling it with reverent care. Then, with the touch of it, rushed over him, too, a sense of its practical value! Here was proof of her presence on this spot; then Owatoga had brought her here—he was on the right track at last!

Folding the bag, he was about to stow it in his pocket, when from it dropped a yellow envelope; he stooped to regain it—it was his own. In her possession; this note, which causing his presence in the forest on that fatal night, had caused all the tangle of distrust and suffering and apprehension—all the wretched coil. The sight of the yellow paper filled him with disgust, and to find the reminder of that night in something of hers—to see it in this dainty pocket which should hold only delicate, clean and beautiful things—he shivered, hurt in all his finer feelings.

Replacing the letter, he put the bag in his knapsack, with a little sigh, then, as if throwing aside sentiment for practical things, he looked carefully about. She had been here—of that there was proof; but Owatoga had mentioned two boats—where could the other be?

His gaze fell upon a something which looked like two ends of boards joined together in a way that proved man's handiwork. The boat! He made a dash into the coppice, and from it pulled a light canoe. For one moment he stood surveying it, in thankful, silent ecstasy; then he pushed it from shore and was out on the broad breast of the Missouri.

For an idle moment the boat swung with the current; the man at the oars let it drift—up or down? While he hesitated, the sun rose from a grove of trees beyond the bend of the river. It pointed long fingers of light straight up the stream, and motes dancing in its rays, beckoned him to follow.

"An omen!" he exclaimed, in sudden burst of boyish enthusiasm, and straight against the current he headed the boat.

"Westward we go," he said, playfully, giving rein to the new buoyancy. "Follow at your leisure," and he waved his hand to the sun, which now burnt a huge copper globe on the horizon.

It was yet early day when he rowed past the village—drowsy still with the sloth of the previous Sabbath. The few who were stirring, took no care to blink through the fog at the solitary figure in the boat toiling up stream.

And hard work it was! Even the Indian's strength had felt the strain, and to this man, weakened by illness, whose powers of endurance were rather of nerve than brawn, it was effort indeed. Yet, buoyed by the hope that had sprung in his heart at sight of the gracious souvenir of her presence, he toiled on, scanning each change in the outline of shore, anxious for the first sight of swamp and grove of tamaracks. He felt almost sure it would be on the northern bank; Owatoga had given no hint to cross the river. Besides, many of the Osage tribe were scattered to the north, and it was likely he would choose the hunting grounds of his own people.

An hour or two at noon, he put ashore at the foot of a poplar-crowned bluff, then on—until, with the fiercest blaze of the afternoon sun scorching his tired back, the grove of tamaracks came in sight. Its dense, swampy shade lured him with promises of delicious coolness—here, too, was another link in the chain which was leading him to her. At the thought his flagging strength revived; his aching arms felt new vigor, and with a dozen stout sweeps of the oar, he landed at a little point where one withered tamarack stood apart; the dead brown needles at its crest a crown of thorns uplifted to the sky.

On the edge of the forest stood a scrub-oak tree, one branch of which had been bent over and rooted again, giving a curious hump-backed effect. Winslow noted this with a start of pleasure. "Another landmark! It is well I have before witnessed Owatoga's forest-craft," he thought.

Hiding the boat, he rested in the shade, but only for a little space. For, with the end of his search so near, he could not idly, though the grass was soft and yielding—the turf as a feathered couch; the sky a marvelous turquoise canopy, pierced with a thousand emerald spires.

Rising, he studied carefully every spot to discover further signs of the presence of those he sought. "Ah!" and he laughed aloud, triumphantly. On the ground he spied scraps of cornbread and an empty bottle. Winslow sniffed at the latter, and made a wry face. "Poor little girl," he said, smiling, with a pitying shake of the head. One little crust he picked up and slipped into his pocket, glancing shamefacedly at a squirrel, which, perched on a near-by limb, seemed to note the action with a teasing tilt of its head and a mocking chatter.

Unlike Owatoga's direct course through the swampy undergrowth, Winslow's unfamiliar feet led him by a circuitous path to the base of a hill on the opposite side from which the Indian and Lavender had emerged the night before.

Here he paused, and taking the diagram from his pocket, studied it again. "'The swamp of tamarack lies here, and just beyond is the hut of the old man of the woods.'" Just beyond! Where? Beyond this hill? He glanced wearily at the slope; it was beautiful with its carpet of flowers and festoons of ivy looped from tree and shrub. It was inviting—but it was steep; he was tired—"just beyond" was vague, tantalizing.

Obedient to the impulse of fatigue, he sat down to rest against the trunk of a sycamore whose roots coiled about him like protecting arms. Not far away lay the stretch of swampy undergrowth; a few paces to his right loomed the hill like a mound made with giant hands—steep, sharp, without purpose in the landscape.

He was pondering whether to ascend or skirt its base, when his attention was held by the figure of a man coming slowly down. His step was firm and light as an Indian brave's, though from under the cap of skins flowed hair whiter than the aspen's silver lining.

THE INDIAN FELL TO HIS KNEES WITH YELL OF RAGE AND PAIN.

He was still too far away for Winslow to attract his notice. Interested, the latter watched him as he came, a gun over his shoulder and two hares dangling in the idle hand.

A stir in the swamp at his left made the watcher turn his eyes from the old man to fix them on the thicket near. There were cautious footfalls in its recess, too. Evidently this part of the woods had no lack of tenantry. Mechanically, and without noise, Winslow took firm hold of his rifle, and kept his eyes fastened on the opening whence the rustling sound.

He had not long to wait. An Indian stepped forth, plainly revealed. He wore buckskin clothes like the white pioneer, but with bead and blanket and curious marks on the red skin. His gaze swept past Winslow, fixed in sardonic interest upon the man slowly descending the hill who came steadily on, unconscious of any presence.

Over the face of the savage crept a diabolical smile as he raised his rifle.

But the trigger was not pulled. There was, instead, a flash, a report from Winslow's gun, and with a yell of astonishment, rage and pain, the Indian dropped to his knees.

Quickly Winslow stood over him, with gun again leveled, and the old man in silence joined him.

"Had we not better disarm the fellow while we hold him at our mercy, sir?" Winslow suggested, keeping a watchful gaze on the wounded man.

Daniel Boone bent over him, and took his gun, tomahawk and knife in grim silence.

Then rising, he extended his hand to Winslow with a smile of gratitude that made young the stern old features. "I thank you, sir. It's quickness counts at such a time."

Winslow grasped the proffered hand. "I am thankful that I happened to be here. But what shall we do with this rascal?"

They turned to where the Indian groveled in pain to see blood soaking through the heavy leggings, making a red-brown pool on which a dead leaf floated. And in spite of everything, pity stirred both. Together they bound up his wound and helped him to rise.

To Winslow's astonishment, he spoke in good English gutturals. "Why not kill Osage brave? Bad shot?"

Winslow shook his head. "No, a vital is easy to strike at such short range, but I have a slight prejudice against murder, which, of course, you cannot understand. I did not need to kill you. This gentleman is as safe as though you lay stark dead."

Daniel Boone added, impressively: "Yes, you owe your life to this man. Try to remember that, if you have the one virtue of your race. But now that you are saved, we do not know what to do with you," he added, grimly, surveying the Indian, who, resting on one knee, hugged its wounded fellow.

To his surprise the savage said, while he rose with difficulty: "I go home with you."

"Then you know where I live at present?"

"I know; many others know; take me with you." This the savage said over and over, each time more urgently.

Boone looked puzzled. "My hut is just over the hill," he said to Winslow, "in the thicket at its foot. I have little room, little to offer, but all I have is yours. It was never yet said that Daniel Boone forgot a service."

"So this is Col. Boone? I am honored, indeed, and since I am on a strange and anxious errand, I gladly accept your offer."

There suddenly darted through his mind the thought of Owatoga's message, and of the "old man of the woods." But he would waste no time in vain hope and idle speculation. Aloud he said: "This Indian is something of a nuisance, but—"

He paused, and the other finished the phrase: "But he is wounded, helpless; we can't leave him to die."

To the Indian Boone said: "Come," and slowly they climbed the hill, Winslow and his new-found friend, with the red man staggering between.

Little was said, for the journey was toilsome and slow, over briars and roots, under a sun yet hot, though low in the west.

At the brow of the hill they paused and looked down. "The shed is there, but you cannot see it," Boone said, and to the shade of boasting in his tone the Indian retorted: "But it has been seen! The white man is no match for his red brother—the old man's hut has been seen."

This was said with such telling emphasis that the listeners were filled with a vague apprehension. From this man, alone, and unarmed, they had nothing to fear, but might there not be others?

Each, however, forbore to question, and the Indian relapsed into sullen silence.

They descended the opposite side of the hill, and still no sign of dwelling when at last the little place came in sight through a break in the thick grove hedging it about.

And then Winslow's heart stood still with a tumult of feeling.

There, at the entrance of the cabin, stood Lavender and the Indian guide together—interested, friendly.

It was all so, then, even as the octoroon had said: "The white maid will be safe with Owatoga."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lavender was showing Owatoga the use of the gritter. "See, you rub the corn along this rough side, and it comes out meal on the other; it is really magic, Owatoga."

She laughed, and the low music was as sweet to hear as she was fair to see. With arms bare to the elbow, she held a crock between her knees, into which the meal slowly sifted. Now and then she raised a face bright and flushed with exercise, to meet the calm eyes of Owatoga fixed upon her in placid content.

For a moment the newcomers watched them thus, then Boone whispered: "I should have prepared you for the presence of a female, but in the care of this man here, I forgot. I shall go on, and let her know there is a guest with me."

Winslow stayed back in shadow, while Boone went forward. He saw the girl smile and wave a welcome with the corn-cob she held. Then the old pioneer whispered a word to Owatoga, and with long, crouching strides, the latter cleared the vacant space to where his master stood supporting the wounded brave.

"Go to her," was all he said, and slowly Winslow obeyed; he needed time to collect himself and be calm and strong after the first joy of seeing her—alive and well.

Meantime, Boone had told Lavender, in terse words: "I met a youth in the woods, and brought him home with me. You will not object to a stranger by our camp-fire?"

A strong intuition seized her; the youth who was to share their camp-fire—who was he? Her heart gave the answer. All day, from her awakening at early dawn—from the first faint peep of light over the sumach-bordered wood, she had watched the sun's march across the sky, wondering at what point of his pilgrimage he would shine upon the man who was to seek and bring her home.

So when, at last, Winslow came, she felt no surprise—she had known he would come. The devotion of Gonzaga—the apparent neglect of this other—were alike forgotten. "I am so

"I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME," SHE CRIED.

glad you have come," she cried, and went to meet him with both hands outstretched. Taking them in his: "I came as soon as I could," he said, and for a few moments they stood silent, hands clasped, their eyes meeting.

"Heyday, heyday!" exclaimed their host, "am I the victim of a conspiracy? This is what comes of an old fool's meddling!" But there was a twinkle in his eye, and the frown was a failure. While Lavender went cajolingly up to him, and stroked his arm in a gentle caress, Winslow said: "Call it 'an old fool's meddling,' if you like, Col. Boone, but to me you are an agent of Providence. As you see, sir, I have the honor to be acquainted with this young lady, and am come in search of her. A crude hint left by Owatoga brought me here; you guided me the rest of the way; my story is told—it is I who have all to learn."

"Women are better talkers than men—even old men," Boone retorted, with mock gruffness. "I refer you to the young woman herself. I'll just step down to the spring and dress these rabbits for supper. Folks can't live on talk—nor love, either."

With this parting shot, delivered over his shoulder between nods and knowing winks, the old man slipped into the thicket.

After a moment's silence, made awkward by the pioneer's significant words and manner, Lavender said: "Did you see mother? Is she"—her eager eyes supplied the question.

[To Be Continued.]

Shy When Needed.

Good luck has a way of bestowing her favors where they are not needed.